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Wooded Wonder



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Chapter 1 by Natalya Nugent

I woke, outside the sky is odd color blue it's almost green. I look over at the clock it's 4:30. I sigh and rip off the sheets I grab my ripped skinny jeans a black tank top and a over sized flannel. Pulling on my grey Vans I take my cross bow out from under my bed. I look about my room quickly shoving my phone in my pocket. I open the window and shimmy out onto the deck roof. It's not a far drop, but every time my heart pounds a little harder and my hands begin to shake. I drop onto the ground looking about for any signs of movement from the house. I swing over the fence and pull my skateboard out from a pile of leaves. I skate down the street it's cold it's half way through fall and the grass is beginning to turn brown and dead leaves are collecting in the gutters of the ruddy streets.

I come to the woods and flipping my skate board over in the grass and I see Zack move out into the clearing. I run over to him. His embrace is warm and strong, he smells of kindling fire and a collection of exotic spices. He kisses me quickly and takes my hand pulling me into the woods. We run through the leaves.

We come to a clearing it's circular and dirt covered. A pile of perfectly placed boulders sit in the middle.

"Zack?" I whisper

"Shh" he says grabbing my wrist. The silence is bone breaking, my heart begins to pound. A wolf steps out. It's coat is shades of grey and emerald green. I get down on one knee my heart stops.

"Belinda?" I say my throat dry. He nuzzles my shoulder with it's black nose, and I throw my arms around her.

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"I've missed you" I said under my breath tears pooling in my eyes.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



The wolf makes an odd noise I can only guess is its way of communication. It's not exactly a word - animals lack the vocal chord composure to make such a thing - but it's comforting, nonetheless. Because somehow, it sounds like Belinda.

"Where have you been?" I ask, as if I'm expecting an answer. She looks at me and suddenly snaps her head backward, as if trying to indicate a path. The transformation is going to last for at least another three hours. And there's just so much that I want to ask...

Zack places a hand on my shoulder. "I found her limping around the woods. It seems like she got caught in a hunter's trap."

Sure enough, a linen wrap has made its home across her leg. I gasp. It will heal the moment that her transformation is complete, but the pain that she must be in now is beyond anything I want to imagine.

"They've moved this far out into the woods?"

Zack shrugged. "They really want to get rid of wolves around these parts, Janet. They're even offering cash rewards for their pelts down at the sheriff's office."

I curse. Three teenage werewolves in the middle of hunting season. What luck.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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